Quixote Redivivus:

OR,

The *Spiritual Knight Errant*,

IN A

LETTER

To Isaack Bickerstaff, Esq;

Censor of *GREAT BRITAIN.*

Risum Teneatis Amici.

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Quixote Redivivus:

Or, *The Spiritual Knight Errant*, &c.

SIR,

AS You have been frequently Complemented upon the happy Succeſs of Your *Lucubrations* from ſeveral parts of *Great Britain*, give me leave to Congratulate You upon the like Occaſion from our ſide of the VVater; and to aſſure You, that St. *Patrick* himſelf was never more dreadful here to Toads and other venemous Animals, than the Renowned Mr. *Bickerſtaff* to Affectation and Indecency. If a *Smart* ſhould pretend to hang his Cane upon his Button, no Mortal Man will keep him company. We are all in an Uproar at the very ſight of a pair of Red-heel'd Shooes. And ſhould a *Rural Squire* ſtrut along a *Coffee-Houſe* in formidable Scarlet, we ſtrip him immediately for the Benefit of ſome *more honeſt*, but ragged *Corporal*, who has a much-better title to ſo *martial a Figure*. This happy Expedient is of ſingular Uſe to the Gentlemen of the Army; for a *New rais'd* Regiment here, is to be cloath'd with the Forfeitures. Upon your *Tatler*'s coming into an *Aſſembly*, I have heard the Lid of a *Beaus* Snuff-Box *crack* in his Pocket, the Amber-head has *dropt* from his Cane, and the Maſter himſelf has ſympathetically *ſwoond away* upon the reading of the firſt Paragraph. Our very Women have ſuffered a *Reform*: I know a Young *Beau* who was refus'd this laſt week for the very *ſame reaſon* he *us'd to be admitted* among the Ladies; his being a pretty Fellow. Our *Prudes* indeed ſtill talk of the frailty of the Sex; yet, ingenuouſly confeſs themſelves to be no *Exceptions* to ſo *general a Rule*. I have heard one Great Beauty of late, ſay

a thouſand fine things of another (who *was* her *Friend* too) without tacking a *But* to the end of her Character; and a young Lady would as ſoon ſail into a Drawing-Room in a ſcanty Flannell, as a large Fardingale Petticoat. But among all the Characters which you have ſo happily Drawn, I don't remember that you have yet oblig'd Us with a *Spiritual Kt. Errant.* This *VVight* is a perfect reverſe to the *Temporal* Errant of Old, both in his Genius and Occupation; The one being born for the Good, the other for the Deſtruction of Mankind. One croſſes Seas, VVoods and Deſerts to puniſh a Miſcreant, and relieve the Oppreſs'd: The other battens in Eaſe, thrives upon Perſecution, and is moſt particularly fond of the Unhappineſs of his Fellow-creatures. One bravely Fights for the Rights and Liberties; the other Preaches up the Slavery of his Native Country: Loyalty to his Sovereign is the principal Ingredient in the Character of the One, whilſt the Other practiſes Sedition under the ſpecious pretence of *Arraigning Falſe Brotherhood*, and labours to Dethrone that Monarch he pretends to Pray for; He roars aloud for an unconditional Obedience in the ſubject, yet adores them as Martyrs who were hang'd as * *Regicides.* He racks a Text to make it confeſs a *meaning it never dream'd of*; and Lampoons an Apoſtle from *his own Epiſtles.* His *ſtudy* of the Goſpel *makes him* the more *Antichriſtian*; and his Reading on *Magna Charta* the more eminently a Slave. He damns all his *Opponents* to ſhew the vigour of his *Charity*, and *flouriſhes* in *Billings-Gate* to prove the nicety of his *taſte.* He is as little acquainted with Mankind, as if he had been confin'd to his Study all his Life; and is as abſolutely ill-bred, as if he had never Study'd at all. But that I mayn't tantalize you with a Picture, without making you acquainted with the *Original*; Pray, Sir, be known to this *Famous* and *Praiſe-worthy Errant, DON HENRICO FURIOSO de SACHEVERELLO, Knight of the Fire-brand.* His Arms you ſee are *Sable*, powder'd with *Flower-Deluces*; his *Helmet* a *Mitre, he preſſes the Loins of a mighty Courſer*, call'd, *FACTION, ſtrong, reſtive* and *hard-mouth'd, he bears on his Shield the picture of a Goddeſs with her* Gar-

Garments looſe, and her Hair diſhevell'd, in danger of being [illegible]ion; *viſit'd by her own Votaries*: But above all, Pray, Sir, Take no-tice of his *Whiniard*---- This *Sword*, Sir, Ay, *This Sword*; why, it makes no more of a Miniſter of State, than it would of a *Magpye*, and ſlices a *Conſtitution* as it would a *Cucumber*. I have ſeen it at one blow ſhred all the *Separatiſts* in *Great Britain* and *Ireland* like ſo many *Shallots*, let *blood* a *Comprehenſion*, cleave a *Tollera-tion*, *murther* a *Succeſſion*, and knock *down* a *Church*. This wor-thy Knight *thus* Accoutred, and *ſet off*, is happily *reviv'd* for the ornament of our preſent Times, and the wonder and aſtoniſhment of future Ages.

You may remember in the Hiſtory of *Quixot*, this Gentleman's Great Grandfather, that the *Knight* of the *Green Caſſock*, (a Re-lation of yours) ask'd the Knight, *How he came to Ride in that Martial Dreſs in ſo peaceable a Kingdom as* Spain? I don't know but the *Inquiſitive* may run in the *blood*, and *you may* be enclin'd to ask our Modern *Adventurer*, *Why* (*in ſuch an Iſland as* Great Britain, *juſtly* admir'd *for the* happineſs *of* her Conſtitution, *ſecu-red by* wholſome Laws *at Home, and* VICTORIOUS *over* Her Ene-mies Abroad) *he ſhould* dream *of* Giants, Sprights, Bugbears, *and* Hobgoblins, *and ſtrut in that* frightful Dreſs, *to the* terrour *of Her* MAJESTY's Liege Subjects? Give me leave in the Knight's be-half, and after your own way, inſtead of an Anſwer to tell you this ſhort Story, which you may wiſely apply to the ſaving of a Limb.

Once upon a time a certain Doctor, a Man of great Brawn and Muſcle, Large, Tall and Termagant, hapned to Preach before King *Charles* the IId. being heated with his Subject, much warm'd by Proofs, and impatient of Contradiction, even in the looks of an Audience, on a ſudden he ſtript up, and ſhew'd the amazed Con-gregation a moſt thundring Arm, with which he ſtrook the Cu-ſhion, and was heard to cry out---- *And dares any Body here deny this?*---- The King ſhrunk back, and mutter'd to himſelf: *No Body in his ſenſes*, Doctor, *within reach of You.*

This,

, Sir, as I take it, is proving the present existence of *Giants* a thousand *Hobgoblins* with a Vengeance, 'tis a pithy way of deciding a our Controversy, and very much practised in our *Modern Church Chivalry*.

But as it would be a thousand pities that the Adventures, Speeches, and Opinions of so Renowned a Knight should be lost in Oblivion, I must recommend to you his History, Written by himself, for the Perusal of the Learned World: And I am confident, Sir, that you will do him the justice to let him stand upon a shelf, even with *Bellianis*, *Orlando*, *Parismus*, *Tommy Potts*, and others the like great and Immortal Heroes, who have gain'd so Universal a Reputation by their Learning and their Arms.

But as the best History is always attended with the largest *Annotations*; as the richness of a *Cheese* is discovered by the multiplicity of its *Mites*, I have made bold to send you some *Reflections* upon it, which may give light into *passages* more dark than *others*, and reveal to you some secrets in the Knights *Conduct* and *Character*, which either his known Modesty or studied Forgetfulness might have occasioned him to omit.

I hinted to you before, That our *Knight* was lineally descended from the *Manchegan Hero*, and I assure you, he is not a little proud of the Alliance; and if the *Patrem sequi passibus æquis* can properly be apply'd to any Man living, *our Errant* certainly strikes the fairest for so *exalted* a Character. Now, you must remember that *Don Quixot* was of opinion, that a Knight Errant must be good for every thing: Thus in different parts of his History, we find him a *Poet*, *Orator*, *Musician*, *Sailor*, *Politician*, *Preacher*. And thus in imitation of his *polite Predecessor*, our Modern *Adventurer*, to shew the World how *Universal* his *Taste* is, in his celebrated *Epistle* to Sir *Sa-----l G------d*, not only *discovers* a vast *fund* of *Oratory*, but an *admirable Genius* for the *Art of Painting*. 'Tis *here*, Sir, that the *Figure* of *his Worthy* is drawn in *full* Proportion; it seems to start out of the Canvass; every Feature speaks to you, and looks, at once, with so bold and Majestick a Mien, that it has put to the

blush

bluſh even the *beſt* Performances of an *Apelles* of Old, or a Mo[illegible] *Le Brun*. It is a Maxim among *Artiſts* of this *kind*, that an Ingenious *Flattery* is ever to be allow'd, ſo that the likeneſs is not deſtroy'd. Our *Knight*, it ſeems, has laid hold of the *Permiſſion*, and has endeavour'd rather to *diſcover* the Addreſs of the *Painter*, than the likeneſs of the Piece: For, certainly Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you can't but take notice what a vaſt diſproportion there is between a plain and ſimple L---d M----r, and the Hero of a *Dedication*; the Mayor may walk his Rounds in Socks, if he thinks fit, but the Hero of a *Dedication*, I aſſure you, muſt ſtrut it in Buskins. One may aſſociate with its moſt mortal Enemies, and yet the other muſt appear the very Pillar of our Church. The Mayor may firſt ſet our *Conſtitution* a ſwimming, and then *tack* a Mill-ſtone to the Tail of it; and yet the Hero of the *Dedication* muſt ſhine out as the firſt Patriot of his Country. The Mayor may ſit tamely by, and *hear his QUEEN* and Her *Miniſtry reviled*, the *Pulpit profan'd*, the *ſubject* of the DAY *perverted*, and *ridicul'd*, *Charity* kick'd out of Doors, and *Rebellion proclaimed*; whilſt the *happy* Hero of the *Dedication* muſt be Complemented upon the Extraordinary ſufficiency and Vigilance of the Magiſtrate: And *thus* you ſee what a prodigious *change* is made by a *proper* and *happy Application* of *Lights* and *Shadows*. A *Piſmire* on a ſudden ſhall ſwell to an *Elephant*; a great *Horſe* and *Cuſtard* to an *Atlas* of a *Conſtitution*; and a *Barabbas* himſelf make as conſiderable a Figure as the *Apoſtle* of the *Gentiles*. But not to detain you any longer in the Porch, ſtep with me into the *body* of the Work; and there you ſhall behold our *Knight* diſplay *himſelf* in *all his Glory*.

The Day upon which he was Invited to *Harangue*, was the Vth of *November*, *ſet a part* by Act of Parliament, to *Commemorate Two* ſignal BLESSINGS to the *Britiſh Nation*; The *Diſcovery* and *prevention* of the *Gun-powder Treaſon* in King *James* the *Firſt*'s Time, and their *ſeaſonable* and *happy DELIVERANCE FROM POPERY AND SLAVERY*, by the Landing of King

...am the *Third*, Of *Ever-glorious and Immortal Memory*. Upon this Foundation *then*, he pitches upon *these* remarkable Words.

In Perils among false Brethren.

And now, Sir, who would have given a *Scotch Half-penny* for the Life of the Pope and all his Conclave? I expected at least to see *Infallibility* pull'd by the *Nose*, and the *scarlet Whore* turn'd up and flogg'd into a *sense* of her former *Villanies*: I wou'd not have given a single Doit to be secur'd of turning the *Triple Crown* into a *Punch-bowl*, and the *Infallible Chair* into an unerring *Ducking-stool*. But alas! my Good Friend, who can answer for the *Whim* of a *Free Thinker*, who dropping *all* these glorious Considerations, immediately falls foul upon the Word, *Plot*? And here, like his Cousin *Antonio* in the *Senate House*, he not only proves a Horrid, Malicious, Hellish, and Audacious Plot, but indeed a sort of a saucy Plot, and yet he is not throughly convinc'd whether *it was a* Plot *or no* Plot, at least, he is sure *it was not so bad a* Plot *as another* Plot. And thus having flourish'd a while in this Nice and Accurate *Jargon*, he seems to conclude his first Paragraph with this sounding Heroick.

A Plot! *a bloody* Plot! Plot *upon* Plot. *s'Death there was no* Plot.

And then shews the *subject* of the DAY a fair pair of Heels, and does not pretend to look it in the Face for ever after. And here, Sir, give me leave to wonder at the great Affinity between a State-Day Subject, and *a Field of Battle*. Some indeed, who are fond of the old beaten Path of Method and good Sense, fall immediately to entrenching themselves; they line ev'ry Hedge, keep close to their Ground; and should they make a small Excursion, They return immediately to their Colours: This was formerly look'd upon to be proper Management, both in the Preacher and the General. But, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, Times are altered since you went open Breasted, and Rendesvouz'd at *Cold-stream*. To *stand* full firmly to it, is no more now the *business* of the Pulpit, than the Glory

of

of the *Field*: *Obſtinacy* and *Club-law* are quite out of Fashion; *Fame* in theſe Days is not ſo much the Reward of a Battle won; as of a Victorious *Retreat*; a *Parthian* Cuſtom, Sir, and thus a *Britiſh* Preacher ſhall quit his *ſubject*, and a *French* General his Trenches; yet both ſhall be ready to aſſure you, that they have not loſt one Inch of Ground.

You can't but remember, *Iſaack*, that it was a laudable and ancient cuſtom in *Chivalry*, for the *Knight* to throw the Reigns upon the Neck of *Roſinante*, and let him travel as he pleas'd; the inſtinct of the Brute it ſeems, being more conducive to Adventures, than the Reaſon of the Maſter. In imitation of ſo Wiſe and Heroick a practice, you will find our *Errant* in his ſecond Page, give the Reigns to his *Imagination*, which inſenſibly leads him into a broad High-Road, call'd, *The Thirtieth of January*: And here travelling at his Eaſe, and full of *Contemplation*, there is an abſolute neceſſity that he ſhould drop into the following *Soliloque*. *Fortunate Times*, cries he out; *Oh happy Age! which in me beholdeſt the long neglected practiſe of Arms and Chivalry, moſt happily reviv'd. This is the time wherein* proud Miſcreants *ſhall feel the* force *of my* invincible Arms. *Behold in me the* Righter *of* Injuries, *the* Redreſſor *of* Wrongs, *the* Tamer *of* Giants, *and the* Terror *of* Caitifs. *And, Oh ye* Powers *look down, and ſee* Your Pious *Kt. ſallying forth, and* ready *to devote* himſelf *to the* grim Paw *of* Danger! *And, Oh* Church, Church, Church, *forgive me if I, unworthy I* aſſert your Cauſe! *But, Oh all ye* Powers! *what* Church *I mean----I wont tell ye. And, O my* Prince! *O* Jemmykin, *never to be forgotten! O* Chevalier! *worthy to be call'd St.* George, *in* Cradle *warm lye ſnug and ſmiling, whilſt* I thy CHOSEN Champion *fight thy battles, and oppoſe me to the* perilous Bruiſe *of* Arms. And here, whilſt he's thus Entertaining himſelf, he happens to diſcover a vaſt multitude of People ſcattered along the road; and as his clear ſighted Predeceſſor took every Inn for a Caſtle, and the very Scrubs of both Sexes for Knights and Damſels; ſo our Modern Adventurer falls into a very odd Conceit, That the great

Crowd before him, must of necessity be an Army of *False Brethren* upon a full March, with Sword in hand to attack the *Constitution*. Fir'd with that Thought, he seats himself right in his Saddle, adjusts his Helmet, and quick as Lightning, drawing out his dreadful *Whiniard*, in a round trot he plants himself right before the imaginary *Squadrons*, when in a hoarse and terrible Voice he was heard to cry: *Stand, proud Knights, stand and unfold your selves, confess your selves to be* False Brethren, *and that the* Church *is* in Danger; *or expect the proof of it from my Arm.*

So unexpected a Menace you may be sure Mr. *Bickerstaff* was very surprizing; The gaping Crowd gaz'd sometimes on the Armed *Phantom* before them, and sometimes on one another, 'till a certain *Wag* among them, who had more courage than the rest, *steps out*, and accosts him in the following manner. *Why look you, Sir Kt.? It was not over-civil in you to frighten people of a sudden thus with that formidable Face. I've mean you no harm Mr.* Errant: *I answer for every Man here, that he's as harmless as a* Butterfly; *why, there is* Tom, Dick, Francis, *and* Jeremy, *honest Lads all of them, and I am* Peter, Peter *was I born, and* Peter *will I be carried to my Grave; no more a* false Brother *than I am a* Morisco. *Then, as for the* Danger *of the* Church, *if you mean that of* Rome, *I grant it you; down goes the* Pope, *and down let him go for* Peter, *tho' he were my Name-sake: But if you mean the* Church of England, *I deny it in the teeth of your Helmet, especially that the* Danger *comes from Our Quarter. For, Sir, Of my Soul do but consider a little,* (but first set your Band straight) *who is most likely to endanger it? He who daily frequents it, prays for its preservation, discourages its profess'd Foes at Home, and fights its Enemies Abroad; or he who pretends to admire it, yet never comes near it? Associates himself with those who are in open Hostility against it? He who by deep Hypocrisie, dangerous Positions, and sly and traiterous Insinuations,* confounds *and* Divides Us? And lastly, *He who is so far from joining heartily with us in a just and necessary War Abroad, that he is for bringing it home* into *his native* Country, *by* Preaching us into Sedition, *and having*

having first *put out* our Eyes, *muſt at laſt, puſh us headlong into the* confuſion of a civil Broil? *As for you, Sir Knight, get you Home in* God's Name, *waſh your Face, hang up your Armour, and* Live peaceably; Spring *is coming on, be adviſ'd, Shave, Purge, and Bleed a little; clean ſtraw and a dark Chamber may do much.*

What Words can expreſs to you, Sir, the Anger, the Rage and Paſſion that boiled in the Breaſt of our Knight upon ſo gibeing a Speech! Not a Lion robb'd of his Prey, or a Beau of his Snuff box, can repreſent his Fury: He ſtorms, ſtamps, and traverſes his ground; *Oh Diſhonour!* cries he out. *Oh Eternal Blot upon* Chivalry! *Defiance thrown in my Teeth by a baſe* Plebeian! *O thou* Caitif *of* Caitifs, *thou canting, whining, here and there Villain, Thou luke-warm* Laodecian, *thou almoſt Chriſtian, thou very Raſcal, ſtay, and you ſhall ſee whoſe Face is dirtieſt.* And here he ruſhed upon them with a more than mortal Fury; he mows down whole Squadrons at a blow; ſtarch'd Cuffs, Ebony Canes, Bruſht Beavers, and Formal Cravats lye ſcattered o'er the Plain. Thouſands flye in vain, he purſues, he hacks, he ſlices, Nature ſhrinks to the Center, and Beaus under the Bedcloaths; he runs a Tilt againſt a grave and venerable Perſon in Lawn-Sleeves, ſnatches the Book of Articles from him, and ſcores him over the Head with his own Expoſition of Them; he routs, he conquers, and thoſe who are not ſlain, are miſerably made captives.

You may be ſure our Knight was not a little puzzel'd how to diſpoſe of ſuch a Number of Priſoners, but remembring very luckily, that 'tis a cuſtom in Heroicks, for the Hero to make a trip to the Infernal ſhades, either to confer with an old *Anchiſes*, or with empty Arms, to embrace the ſhade of ſome departed *Dido*; He reſolves not to let drop ſo laudable a practice, knowing very well, that *Hell* was the ſafeſt Priſon to lock up his Captives; he tyes them Two by Two, in a huge long ſtring, takes his Journey downward, conſigns them over to the cuſtody of *Satan* and his Angels, to have their ſenſe of Feeling prety often exercis'd, and to be frequently regaled with Fire and Brimſtone, then civily takes his leave of them, to comfort themſelves in his Abſence with better Company.

Upon

Upon his return to Earth, observing that there were several judicious Treatises compiled in *Usum Delphini*. Our *Errant* improves upon the Hint, and in the sequel of his Discourse, you will find some admirable Rules lay'd down for the Art of Riding and Managing the Great Horse; and these, Sir, he Dedicates to his Worthy Patron the Chevalier de St. *George*. Now the *VVhim* of it is this: He supposes the *Subjects* of *Great Britain* and *Ireland* to be one large *VVooden Horse*, and the *Prince* the *Ryder*, the *Machine* is to be mounted by him alone, who can prove in himself an Hereditary Right of Succession, from Father to Son, from Generation to Generation. That there is no possibility of such a *ones* falling should he sit ever-so loose, being kept up by a huge *Moroco Saddle*, call'd, *The Divine Right*: The Beast is made of plain *English* Oak, by which you may guess at his speed and Mettle; he never trips, starts, or stumbles; should a *Ryder* cut off his Ears, dock his Tail, run him against a Wall, or souse him in a Pond, he bears all patiently, being given to understand that it is his *duty* to suffer, and that he was form'd to be slamm'd. This, Sir, is the grand and *happy Mystery of the Art of Government*, and I don't doubt, Sir, but you will have a wonderful Regard for that person, who by *his Art* can Metamorphose a Nation into the resemblance of a *Timber Log*, and prove want of Sense in the *Subject*, from want of Feeling in the *Cushion*.

And now, Sir, being wonderfully puft up with his *late Victory* over the Army of *False Brethren*, he resolves to pursue his Success, and enter into dire and mortal *Conflict* with *four Neighbouring Giants*, who lived in a strong and Impregnable Castle: These *tall Fellows* are known by the Names of the Church, *Tolleration*, *Administration* of the *present Government*, and the *Late Revolution*.

Tho' I am an extraordinary Friend, Mr *Bickerstaff*, to Books of *Chivalry*, being very much delighted with *Groves*, *Streams*, *Complaints*, *Challenges*, *Knights*, *Damsels*, *Dwarfs*, and *Palfreys*; yet I could never be satisfy'd, Why the *poor Giant* is always to be handled after so rough a manner? Is there a necessity that a Man should have his Brains beat out, because he happens to be two Foot taller

than

than the reſt of the Company? Does this proceed from a levelling Principle in the *Hiſtorians*? or is it only a Complement paid to the natural ſmartneſs of a little Fellow? Whatever the meaning of it is, I aſſure you, Sir, there is much to be ſaid in Favour of our *Knights tall Antagoniſts*; and whatever Airs of Triumph he may pretend to give himſelf, yet, by *the by*, I muſt acquaint you, That he's likely to receive from their *Iron Maces* ſo ſound a *Drubbing*, that it may *happen* to ſpoil *the project* of his ſecond *Sally*.

As for the *firſt Giant*, (a Female one) do but look upon her, Sir; did you ever ſee a Perſon better put together, or more exquiſitely handſome? Obſerve that fluſh of Health which adorns her Face, and ſparkles in her Eyes! Feel her Pulſe, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*; do you find any thing there of *Conſumption* or *Decay*? look round and ſee *the Millions* whoſe Hearts and Hands are ready to Engage and *ſtrike* in her Favour. But above all, behold her Royal Miſtreſs, at once her *Pride* and *Glory*, who *equally* Raiſes Her by her Example, and *Defends* her with her Arms: Do you conceive this Lady to be in ſo much Danger as our *Knight* would perſwade you? It muſt be very ſurpriſing to ſee our *Knight* entring into *Combate* with this fair *Perſon*, whom by the Rules of *Chivalry*, he is rather obliged to defend: But the *Myſtery* is this. A certain ſtrapping *Amazon*, bred at *Rome*, *Proud*, *Malicious*, *Cruel*, *Bloody* and *Ambitious*, has long conteſted for *Empire* with our *Female Giant*, and watches all *Opportunities* to Dethrone Her: Fierce is their *Enmity*, but unequal their *Pretentions*. Our Giant being the *real Poſſeſſor* of all thoſe Graces which the other *imperious Prude* has only by affectation.

'Tis meritorious to *our* Fair Giant to *be Merciful*; To the *Amazon* to *be Bloody*. One *pities* and *Forgives*; The other *ravages and lays waſte*. One Glories to *appear* in *Argument* and *Reaſon*; The *other* in *Faggot* and *Flame*. The Dreſs of the *Amazon* is *Rich*, *Glittering*, and *Gaudy*; That of our Giant, *Plain*, *ſimple* and *agreeable*, as well knowing that ſhe has no *need* to have recourſe to *Paint* and *Daubing*: Whoſe *Charms* are heightned by being *Natural*, and ſhine moſt bright in their Native ſimplicity.

This Female Dragoon then you may be ſure, Sir, is very much in the good Graces of our Knight, ſince he obſerves in her a Genius ſo ſuitable to his own : And thinks he cannot pay her a better *Complement*, than to Rebuild her Empire on the *Ruin of her Rival.* In order then to *Diſtract* and *Divide Us*, he ſometimes lays ſome Principles to the charge of our Fair Giant, which he knows we her *Admirers* are extremely averſe to. At other times he aſſures her, that ſhe is in danger of being *Forſaken*; that ſhe is ſurrounded with *Falſe Brethren* who watch to *deſtroy Her*. That her *beſt* Friends are upon the wing; and that ſhe is utterly loſt; But I aſſure you Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, all his Suggeſtions are very ineffectual. She knows his Malice, and ſmiles at his *Artifice*. She knows her own *Charms* to be too powerful for her *Adorers* to forſake her; and can't apprehend her ſelf in Danger whilſt ſhe has ſuch a Queen to protect her, ſuch a Hero to Fight for her : And whilſt ſhe has the Happineſs to be Admir'd by the Wiſeſt, the Braveſt, and moſt Affectionate People.

His ſecond *Antagoniſt*, call'd the *Toleration Act*, is for a *Giant* as good Natur'd, a tall Fellow as any in Chriſtendom : No Man teaches the World better Manners than he, or is more civiliz'd in his own Behaviour. This Admirable perſon is never better pleas'd than when he introduces *Peace, Love* and *Harmony* into the Minds of Men. He never perſecutes any one for Conſcience ſake, nor calls for Dragoons where Arguments don't perſwade. Happy is that Nation which is acquainted with him; for without him none can be chearful, Safe and Free. Had *France* been ſometime ſince of this Opinion, ſhe had Diſputed better the Fields of *Blenheim* and *Ramilly*; Thouſands of her Subjects had ſtill been in Arms for her, who now contribute to the Glory of her Victorious Enemy.

I am very much at a Loſs Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, to give you any reaſon, why this Gentleman ſhould fall under the Diſpleaſure of our *Errant*; however, if you'll believe the Knight, he has hackt him to pieces; but I am terribly afraid, that this imaginary *Conqueſt* of his will be found to be little better than *Don Quixot*'s Adventure

of

of the Wine Bag, and when our *Knight* wakens, perhaps he may be convinc'd, that it proceeds from the Fumes of his own *Claret*; and not the Blood of his Enemy.

The next Giant he encounters, is the Preſent Adminiſtration of Government; a perſon beloved almoſt to Adoration by the preſent Age, and will be Recorded with a diſtinguiſhing Mark by Late Poſterity. Behold him Abroad at the Head of a Grand and powerful Alliance, fighting for the *Rights* and Liberties of Mankind: And then obſerve him at home doing Juſtice to the Oppreſs'd, puniſhing the ill Deſerves, and Rewarding the Meritorious; Whoſe Actions have always the good Fortune to be crown'd with Succeſs, yet whoſe Succeſs is entirely owing to the Force and Greatneſs of his Vertue. Behold in him a Monarch faithfully Serv'd by the *firſt* and *wiſeſt* of Senates, and a Senate Adorn'd and made happy by the beſt of Queens.

Long and terrible has been the Conteſt between this Giant and our *Adventurer*: Thrice has the tall Fellow with a huge knotty club knockt him into the Earth, and thrice ſnatch'd him up again; whilſt our Knight with unequal Force, has not made in return the leaſt dint in his Armour. The Shield of this Giant being made by *Vulcan* himſelf, all bright and Impenetrable, whenever Malice or Rebellion aims a blow at it.

Perfidus Enſis.
Frangitur, in Medioque ardentem deſerit ictu.

His laſt and mighty *Antagoniſt*, is called, *The Late Revolution*; a Gentleman to whom *Great Britain* and *Ireland* owe their *Eſtabliſhment*, and *Europe* its *Liberty*. He was introduc'd among us by a Hero who was the firſt and Greateſt of Princes: The *Titus*; The Beloved of his People. His extremity of Happineſs conſiſted in doing Good to All; nor never was he uneaſy, but when he wanted Power to Relieve. He was Born for a Generous Aſylum to the Diſtreſs'd, and deſign'd by Providence to ſtep forth THE GREAT PLENIPOTENTIARY of Mankind. Now the Reaſon why our *Knight* is ſo much an Enemy to this Giant is, That he looks upon him to be a

ſort

sort of a Parent to the other Three. This is he, Sir, which first scattered and still keeps down a Restless and Factious Party, of which I am very much afraid you will find our Knight to be a Member. 'Tis upon this Gentleman's Principles that our present Establishment is founded; and upon which the Chevalier of *St. Germans* is Voted a Royal Insignificant. Hence springs the Anger and Resentment of our *Errant*, but I must take leave to observe, that it is not very honourably done in the Knight to attack a person, whom he allows to be peaceable, so far as to abhor the very notion of Resistance.

As for the present Circumstances of our Adventurer, I must Inform you, Sir, That some Friends of his, apprehending that he is a little touch'd in his Head, have secur'd him in a great Cage, where he whistles like a *Thrush*: Sometimes he fancies himself Enchanted, and that he is kept in *Durance* by one *Freston* a Magician, and Enemy to *Don Bellianis*. At other times he is verily perswaded, that the *Pretender* is come as near as *Islington*; and talks of mounting a Chariot drawn by Dragons, to grace his Restoration.

When he is pleased to make a second Sally, I can't but recommend to him the *Plump, Facetious Stentor* of our Nation for his Attendant. Does the Knight want a battering *Ram*? let him push Stentor against a Town, and it shall immediately drop as flat as the Walls of *Jerico*.

Would he challenge a *Miscreant* at ever so great a distance? *Stentor* shall reach him with his Voice, from the *Thames* to the *Nile*.

Does he want a Wallet for Provisions? Right before *Stentor* there stands a large Capacious Conveniency, where there is room enough for Provender for the Nags and their Masters to the Fifth Generation.

Your late *Edict* against *Insipids* has laid half of us underground. The *Plague* of *Dantzick* could not make a more mortal sweep. There is not a Beau, Politician, Fop, Smart, Pretty Fellow, or Coquet to be seen for Love or Money: Grass grows Six Foot high before the deserted Doors of *Dick*'s, *Darby*'s, and *Lucas*'s. The Company of *Upholders* are not able to furnish *Blacks* enough for the *Deceas'd*; Numbers of whom Plead for an *Order of Resuscitation*, to help the *Knight* to encounter the forementioned Giants.

My humble Service to *Puss* your Play-fellow: I design to send her Fourscore Yards of our Sixpeny Stuff, to make her a *Fardingale*.

The Ingenious Dr *Wealey*, Philomath, Student in Physick and Astrology, having no little Ones of his own, and hearing much of the Fame of your Dog, desires that when he does any Good in his Generation, you would put him down for a Puppy.

I am, Dear Cousin,

January 20th. YOURS,

Jack Touchwood.